

Dear Henry,

6/17/83

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ When your letter of the 7th came I was deep in another of the interminable affidavits in the field offices case and the day after I got it in the mail to Jim I took my first trip since the first sugery and saw my 92-year old mother, others in the family, and a bouhood friend who is one of the inventors of nylon and a great scientist-plant manager, retired and globetrotting. With the plumbers doe to pull the pipes and check the footvale at the bottom of the well, I'm catching up on odds and ends before taking some initiaives on behalf of FOIA if I do not face new need fornnew affidavitting.

I don't remember even hearing about the Marong Diary but I'm suspicious of both words in the title. Of course I'll be glad to read it and let you know what I think of any codes in it but it would not be honest not to admit bias in advance. Moreover, I regard what I take to be the concept as inherently so improbable as to approach the impossible. This appears to represent the kind of thing that has wasted the time of most of those known as critics. However, there might be a real value in tracing it to a source who might be provocative - if not official disinformation. (I believe the Mr. Hunt letter, which was sent to me when it was sent to Penn, only I didn't go public with it, was disinformation. No Waldron believed the same after he had the real return address checked out.)

I'll not mail this until Ldl uses the copier, which we don't like to turn on for a single copy because this machine is not made for that and has already exceeded its engineered life. I'll then have an enclosure for the (recently silent) stuff of the G N & G. In the event they ask you questions, maybe 15 years ago I faced the same problem, how to get just-hatched ducklings out of an in-ground swimming pool. It took all day and until 10 p.m. that time. Based on that experience and with Ldl's realization of the actual problem in my plan, it took only an hour this time after the arrival of the photog of the local papers.

Ducklings are curious and playful. They also can drown when they are unfledged if they cannot get out of water when they should. As they grow they can waterproof their down and feathers with the excretion of their preen gland. But not at first. So, first of all, scraps of wood for them to play with and jump onto. Then scraps with food, although they can survive for three days without eating, from the residue of the yolk of the egg from which they hatch. Then, when they are no longer afraid of wood, a ramp on which they can walk up and out. With the pump running, the scraps move around and the wooden ramp stay in place if placed where moving watter pushes it against the wall. Only, ducklings wont go up a slippery incling. Last time Ldl thought of an old throw rug. This time a piece of monk's cloth, which may not be entirely clear in the pix. This time, with a long piece of furring strip, I was able to keep them pretty much in the right corner, near the ramp, until one got inquisitive. Then it was follow-the-leader and they were all out in notime flat.

The G N & G staff may also be interested in knowing that this was the duck's second clutch of eggs. Her first nest was destroyed by dogs before she got to setting, so she was still fertile. Ldl had weaned her away from the pond by feeding bread and corn on the concrete around the pool. They took to the pool while she had her nest near the pond and evidently, as I'd hoped, made her second nest closer to the house and pool, where dogs who have been chased are not as likely to find it.

Of course we haven't seen them since because the mother immediately took them off to educate them about duck life, which begins in water and finding the food in it, beginning along the banks. I believe they probably followed the srping branch that feeds the pond downhill into a creek and kept going until they were in Frederick, where there is a large manmade lake and peopple who are always providing food. Some mallards are here yearround. Best to you all,